FD Found Poem 2

"Gone, gone, sold and gone

To the rice swamp dank and lone,

Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,

Where the noisome insect stings,

Where the fever-demon strews

Poison with the falling dews,

Where the sickly sunbeams glare

Through the hot and misty air:--

Gone, gone, sold and gone

To the rice swamp dank and lone,

From Virginia hills and waters--

Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"